

OXFORD LETTER.

DEAR SIR,

Outside, rain, torrential rain such as only Oxford and perhaps Brecon can boast, and howling winds ; no prospect further than a College wall, grim and forbidding ; inside, such warmth as a controlled fire will allow ; and what would you ? News, an Oxford letter, you say ; but again objections arise, protestations are on our lips : in hackneyed phrase, we have nothing to say ; and a sense of justice forbids us applying to you for straw for the bricks required of us ; but we will proceed, without further exordium, to say our nothing.

But no, not yet can we advance : for of a sudden appears a telegraph boy, and we learn that Brecon has defeated Llandovery : our drab surroundings vanish ; we are carried back in thought to the old school, and we picture the joy we know is there at this moment, and wish that we could be there ; but we share that feeling, though far off, and heartily congratulate the team and those who have coached it on this success, and now "in media."

Capt. Lance still remembers all the tricks in Footer, and has been busy imparting his knowledge to the combined team of Christ Church and Jesus ; we hear he still waxes wroth with the back who persists in making for the touch-line, but whether he puts the delinquent in the scrum for his sin we cannot say.

J. V. Evans has made a very welcome return to St. John's, and has signalised his reappearance with his customary energy and vigour ; particularly has he made his presence felt in the resuscitated Welsh Society, of which he is the Secretary. Before this august assembly he has already delivered an impassioned address on his native land, and he was mainly responsible for the great success of the dinner held on St. David's Day. At this great function, with his father, who was a guest, he sang Welsh airs with enthusiasm. Unfortunately, his Army experiences have necessitated a special diet, and he could not enjoy the good things he had provided on the menu. His rooms are adorned with various pretty photographs, some of which we recognise, and he possesses a bust of the Prime Minister, to touch which is sacrilege. We have expressed a hope that his idol will not of itself fall in pieces.

W. H. H. Williams is at present exploring the mysteries of Political Economy, in preparation for Group B III. He was one of the Keble men chosen to play Soccer in a 'Varsity trial match, but we insist on pointing out to him that it is no honour to play this awful game ; he, however, strenuously denies our assertion.

D. F. H. Chesters is not such a recluse this term, and may be seen any afternoon on the river, rowing stroke in the Non-Coll. boat, which he hopes, in vain we fear, to bring to the head of the river. He hopes soon to be attached to one of the Colleges.

W. D. G. Wilkinson is a most harassed person this term. He makes himself heard in the Welsh Society in spite of his un-Celtic name (but his accent, which he prefers to call intonation, he has been told, would betray him anywhere), and on one occasion when he spoke there, almost caused a riot by his revolutionary views. He performs